

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii. 7.

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FROM THE EXPOSITOR AND REVIEW. METHODS OF INTERPRETING THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

1. Dissertations on the Prophecies which have remarkably been fulfilled, and at this time are fulfilling in the world. By Thomas Newton, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Bristol. (Second volume, containing an Analysis of the Revelation.)
2. A Dissertation on the prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the Great Period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mahomedan Apostacies, the tyrannical Reign of Antichrist, or the Infidel Power; and the Restoration of the Jews. By George Stanley Faber, B. D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. (Second Volume.)
3. Commentaries in Apocalypsin Joannis. Scriptit Jo. Godof. Eichhern.

There has been, of late years, a considerable change in the views entertained by the people at large concerning the Apocalypse. Many now living remember the time when the greater part of it was commonly taken for an account, nearly literal, of scenes and transactions in the invisible world. It is true that men of general information, and especially those among the clergy, regarded it then as now, in a very different light. We speak, however, of the great mass of readers. Though what was expressly referred to the earth, sea, rivers or mountains, was allowed in most cases to belong to this world, yet all the visions exhibited in heaven, all the imagery placed without 'this diurnal sphere,' were vulgarly supposed to have an actual existence among the sacred realities of the spiritual state. There stood a great white throne, surrounded with elders and wonderful forms offering vocal praise to the Eternal; there stood in palpable shape the Lamb of God on the height of the celestial Mount Zion; angels were in attendance, with trumpets, vials and instruments of destruction, to announce or to execute the sovereign mandates; the disembodied souls of martyrs were literally sheltered under the awful covert of Jehovah's throne; and in the foreground appeared an innumerable multitude of glorified spirits, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands. All was regarded as real, with perhaps a little allowance here and there, for figurative expression. In another quarter, far below, yawned a pit, huge, bottomless, pouring forth smoke from a raging lake of fire and brimstone. Evil angels and monstrous shapes were let loose upon earth; the world was seen shaken in pieces and passing away; war actually broke out in heaven, and the devil with his host was cast down. People did not much trouble themselves with the chronology of these events, nor with the order in which the several appearances were represented as following each other. They seemed to think themselves at liberty, in so dark a book, to take the scenes backwards or forwards, or confusedly, just as was convenient for the time; and accordingly they found in one passage the final dissolution of the universe, and saw in the next, without the least surprise, the earth with its green fields still remaining as before, and after all this, the expulsion of Satan from heaven into the earth, which took place, however, some time before the world was created.

This absurd mode of interpretation is not yet wholly abandoned in practice, though in theory

it is universally discarded. A new scheme has succeeded it; and the common and confirmed impression now is, that the book consists, not of literal descriptions, but of symbolical imagery, shadowing forth important transactions that were to be realized, for the most part in this world, and according to the regular course of nature. As far at least as the twentieth chapter, which is the last but two, it is generally supposed to represent the history of the Christian religion, or of its professors, from the apostolic age downwards, through succeeding times. So great is the change of popular opinion, in this respect! It is curious, however, to observe that in applying certain favorite and noted passages, the habits which were formed under old views, still continue in full force, though nothing could be more repugnant to the scheme of interpretation at present received. We will mention some of the most striking instances. The terrific representation of the opening of the sixth seal, is often applied as formerly, to the end of the world, even by those who adopt the scheme of interpretation which refers it only to the overthrow of heathenism in ancient Rome, and the establishment of Christianity under Constantine the Great, somewhat more than fifteen hundred years ago: 'I beheld, when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind; and the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the rocks and mountains, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?'* We repeat: when this passage is taken with its context as belonging to the sixth seal, nobody pretends that it refers to a period later than the fourth century; notwithstanding, when quoted separately, it is still applied to the end of the world. Again: what is said of war in heaven, in which the devil and his angels were cast out into the earth,† is sometimes adduced at this day, to countenance the old, gross idea, (not the *literal* one, since it is supposed they were cast into hell instead of the earth,) the old gross idea of fallen angels; although when explained in connexion of the rest of the prophecy it is never referred to any thing of the kind, but made to signify some crisis in the state of the Christian church, such as the conversion of the Roman government, or the Reformation under Luther. The same inconsistency appears in the popular use of that noted passage in the fourteenth chapter: 'And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and

*Rev. vi, 12—17. †Rev. xii, 7—9.

brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever; and they have no rest, day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.'* According to the popular views of our day, this passage also relates to the time of the Reformation; and the judgments it announces should be supposed of course to follow at no great distance. Why then are they unceremoniously referred, not only to another period, but to another world?† With regard to all this double-dealing, however, we must not be too ready to charge it to absolute and conscious dishonesty, since it may be owing in part to old habits that grew to inveteracy under a former scheme of interpretation, and which are now continued, like other habits, without examination, and consequently without observing their palpable absurdity. It is doubtless from the same cause, also, that Universalists have not wholly ceased to quote, as proof of the final reconciliation of all men, the following text: 'Every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever':‡ a text, which, if we mistake not their views concerning the general plan of this book, they can by no means suppose, on careful reflection, to refer to a period yet future. It should not be forgotten, that all the passages we have set down, are taken from those very chapters which are now universally regarded as having their fulfilment on earth; and that, unless we renounce this opinion, we are of course precluded from adducing them as proof of the state of things in another world.

We have mentioned the change in the common sentiment with respect to the character of the Apocalypse. On the whole it is doubtless a great improvement. Still there are some things in the present views of the subject which we wish to bring into question. That the larger part of the book, if not the whole does indeed refer to occurrences or dispensations in this world, we suppose to be evident enough; but in the application of the several visions to the particular events, expositors have led the way, and the people have followed them, through a vast field of details which are probably altogether fanciful. The common opinion now is, that we find in this prophecy the whole history of the world in epitome, from the apostolic age to the consummation of all things: the persecutions of the Roman emperors, the political establishment of Christianity under Constantine,

*Rev. xiv, 9—11. Bishop Newton makes this third angel to be Luther and the other Reformers: Faber, having otherwise disposed of Luther and Calvin, is obliged to apply the prophecy exclusively to the early divines of the Church of England.

†It is worthy of remark, though perhaps not very surprising, that even Professor Stuart, while treating *philologically* after his manner in his 'Exegetical Essays,' &c. uses this passage thus: 'Is it then a scripture doctrine that the Lord brings up from the eternal pit, those who are once confined there? Or rather do not the scriptures teach that the *smoke* of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever?' Exegetical Essays on several words relating to Future Punishment. p. 79. †Rev. v, 13.

the irruptions of the northern barbarians, the fall of the Western Empire, the rise of Mahommedanism, the conquests of the Saracens and Turks, the apostacy and abominations of the Church of Rome, the faithfulness and sufferings of the Waldenses, the fortunes of Luther and his coadjutors, the subsequent revolutions of Europe, and other events not yet transpired, down to the millennium, and finally to the close of time, all are supposed to be here shadowed forth. It is certainly a grand and imposing idea, whether founded in truth or fancy; and no wonder it has taken well, especially since the studies of learned divines for several generations have been employed in harmonizing the prophecy and history to this result. A long and perplexing task! which they accomplished only by degrees and after many rough draughts. But it was impossible they should not at length succeed, by perseverance, by repeated revisions, when they had the ten thousand times ten thousand circumstances in the revolutions of fifteen or sixteen centuries from which to select and form their chain of coincidences; when too they took the liberty to transpose the order of the sacred text where all other means failed; and when they allowed themselves a great latitude, much greater than cursory readers are aware of, in explaining its figures sometimes after one rule and sometimes after another, in order to make them comport. Indeed, we believe that of all the various contradictory schemes to which the Apocalypse has ever been applied, there are few in which there is much lack of coincidences sufficiently striking. But to protestants, the hypothesis now in view has had the paramount recommendation that it seemed to make the voice of God himself speak out audibly, from the depths of the ancient oracle, in favor of themselves, and to denounce vengeance on their hated foe, the Church of Rome, as the mother of harlots and abominations. An idea so flattering, so congenial with their prejudices, would naturally obtain the preference over others equally plausible, and receive all the contributions which the most patient research could supply towards its development.

The first germ of this hypothesis appears to have sprung up in the darkness of the thirteenth century,* and among some of the disaffected

* If the reader have the curiosity to ask, What was the view commonly taken of the Apocalypse in the early ages of the church? we must answer, that no common or indeed very definite idea of it seems to have been entertained. Irenaeus (A. D. 185,) offers a conjecture that the name of the beast, containing the number 666, (Rev. xiii, 18) is *Latinus* meaning Rome heathen, as it then existed. This, however, he proposes with some hesitation, since, as he observes, there may be many names that contain the same number; and he advises to wait the fulfillment of the prophecy. (Adv. Hær. Lib. v. 30.) The latter part of the book he evidently thought a prediction of a personal reign of Christ on earth for a thousand years, and of the general judgment. Though the early fathers have left us but very scanty notices of the book, it appears that most of those who regarded it as a prophecy, suppose it to relate chiefly to the persecutions and civil wars of the first Roman emperors, to the Millennium, and to the end of the world, which they thought near at hand. Several, however, considered it not a prophecy, but a *moral* allegory. Augustine (A. D. 420) explains the *beast* to signify the avowed enemies of Christianity; and his *image*, its hypocritical professors. The *devil* was bound when the gospel was first preached; and the *first resurrection* (Rev. xx, 4-6) was not that of the body, but the enjoyment into which the righteous enter immediately at death. The last of the book, however, he considers a representation of the end of the world and the scenes which are to follow. (Civ. Dei Lib. xx. 8-17.) Some of the ancients make the seven heads of the beast to be the seven principal sins.—(Le Nouv. Test. par M. de Beausobre et Lefebvre, Prof. sur l'Apocalypse. Tom. ii. p. 631.)

Catholics themselves. A party the most ignorant and superstitious of the Franciscan friars took upon themselves to defend the rule of absolute penury, mendicity, and the wearing of strait instead of loose cloths. In the contention which followed, they quarrelled with the pope and the church, who sided with their opponents. Fanatical in the extreme, they proceeded to assert that the late founder of their order was the angel whom John saw flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach, and that he had established a new dispensation which was about to supersede that of Christ. For these sentiments they were persecuted, as well as for their contumacy; and they retaliated by declaring the church of Rome to be the whore of Babylon mentioned in the Apocalypse.* This was about A. D. 1250. They were soon broken down by the strong arm of hierarchy, and dispersed over Europe; and as their sufferings continued, their exasperation increased. The odious phrase they had so happily coined in their wrath, was not forgotten; and from them it was readily adopted by the heretics of that period, among others by the Waldenses who had now become numerous. Indeed, so manifestly did the thorough corruptness of the Church seem to invite the appellation, that some of the more virtuous prelates even among the steadfast adherents of her faith, pointed out her resemblance to the woman clothed in scarlet, or to the beast with seven heads and ten horns. In this way the phraseology was transmitted down to the age of the Reformation; when Luther took it up (Calvin seems never to have employed it,) and flung it with his accustomed violence in the teeth of his enemies. Among the more zealous Protestants it furnished a sort of proper name for the Romish Church. Thus far, however, it had been for the most part applied merely in that style of coarse declamation, or of rude and foul-mouthed abuse, which characterized the times. No formal attempt had probably been made to establish its relevancy, by systematically explaining the train of apocalyptic visions in accordance. Calvin did not venture to interpret the book at all; Zuinglius doubted its authenticity; even Luther in his cooler moments said, 'Let every one think of it what his own spirit suggests—my spirit can make nothing out of it; and the Reformers in general seem to have hesitated with regard to its full canonical authority. Some of their successors, however, began to cast longing eyes towards its mysteries, in hope of finding the Papal monster not barely referred to, but pourtrayed there at full length; and the project of systematizing the Revelation to this purpose was soon commenced in earnest. The English divines seem to have taken the lead. A little after the year 1600, Mr. Mede, an author of extensive learning and indefatigable application, drew a plan which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent schemes of this class. Omitting the names of several obscure specula-

tors, there followed him, at the distance of a century, Vitringa, an eminent Dutch divine, and Daubuz, an English vicar, each of whom (A. D. 1719) made some alterations in his outline, and filled up his sketch, though in different ways. The next who contributed materially to its development, was the celebrated bishop Newton, in 1758: the most learned by far and the most ingenious and persuasive of all its advocates whose works are now in current use. Meanwhile, it should be particularly observed that of the class of more profound critics among the Protestants, both in England and on the continent, the larger part had all along stood aloof from this hypothesis. Lightfoot, Hammond, Grotius, Le Clerc, Whitby, Wetstein, &c. either adopted other plans of interpretation, or declined an attempt to trace out the allusions of the book.

Bishop Newton's *Dissertations* may be said to have formed an era in the history of the scheme in question. They became what Mr. Mede's works had been before, a sort of textbook for succeeding authors to quote, to follow, or to modify, accordingly as the course of speculation might run. Nor was their influence confined to authors. Notwithstanding the various and extensive learning with which they abound, they were composed in a popular style, well adapted to give the hypothesis currency throughout the whole reading community. Together with some later works to which they furnished the principal materials, they have done more perhaps than any thing else to produce the existing state of common opinion on the subject among the people of Great Britain and America. They have been extensively circulated in all classes, and followed by most of our religious teachers, who in their turn have contributed to the general effect by transmitting their borrowed views with more or less distinctness to the multitude at large. The numerous coincidences that were made to appear between the several visions of the prophecy and the great train of historical events, could scarcely fail to convince common observers that the enigma was fairly solved. The writer of this article remembers the surprise and delight with which he first read the Bishop's *Dissertations* many years ago. There lay the broad course of the world's history for seventeen hundred years marked out on one hand; and on the other, the emblematic representation of it in the *Apocalypse*, parallel throughout, turn answering to turn, and part to part. How wonderful to observe the precise periods of time in the prophecy, the ten days, the five months, the hour and a day and a month and a year, &c. all realized exactly in the respective events! and then, the mysterious number of the beast, six hundred and sixty-six, made out to a unit in a certain name which might easily be supposed to signify the Roman power, thus verifying the whole interpretation! It seemed demonstration. It seemed as if the veil had been stripped from the very secrets of prophecy, and the hidden counsels of omniscience laid bare to our view. And so doubtless it has seemed to many a reader.

But this appearance is not a little deceptive. Nobody, versed in the subject, can suppose, for instance, that the correspondence of a name with the number of the beast, is at all extraordinary. What proof is there in this, when different speculators have found the exact computation in the name also of the emperor Trajan, in the term Latin Kingdom, in the name of Albinus a Roman general of the second century, in the name Mahomet, in some of the favorite titles of the Pope, in the name Luther, in the name Louis XVI. of France, &c. &c. and have seriously applied the prophecy accordingly. In ridicule of these puerile calculations, the fatal number has been pointed out likewise in the Hebrew phrase,

The Most High, the Lord, the Holy God! Besides, it is altogether uncertain by what rule the author of the Revelation computed, whether by the numerical force of the Greek letters, or by a Jewish method, now lost, but then in great repute of discovering mysteries in the characters composing a word. And as to another striking coincidence, that of the definite periods of time — who does not see that an author intent on shaping history to a given model, can place his epochs very much at will? The beginning of a power he may date either back among the doubtful causes which he thinks produced it, or at the time of its actual appearance, or of its complete ascendancy; its end, at its first decline, its prostration, or onward at its total extinction, just as he finds it necessary. The scenes in public affairs do not present themselves in solid masses well defined; they rise shifting, revolving, constantly assuming different relations; and he may fix at pleasure on some of these changes as marking the commencement and termination of an act in the drama. This allows him in some cases a latitude of many years, and in others, of several centuries. Bishop Newton, like the rest of his school, has, in most of his *exactly corresponding* periods, availed himself of this wide license; as in his interpretation of the locusts which came from the smoke of the bottomless pit, and which he discovered to be the Saracens ravaging the Greek and Roman territories. Now, since the text had fixed the time at five months (150 days,) during which the locusts were to torment the men who had not the seal of God, was it requisite that the bishop, according to his arbitrary scale of an Apocalyptic day for a natural year, should find one hundred and fifty years to have been the precise period of the Saracens afflicting the apostate churches. How does he succeed? Well. He begins his measurement, not at the year 630, when they first entered the Christian territories, but at the year 612, when Mahomet undertook, peaceably at first, to propagate his imposture in the heart of Arabia; and thence he extends it to the building of Bagdad in the year 762, stopping in the very height of their success, and leaving more than a century in which they 'tormented' Christendom, out of his account. Thus he finds his period of a hundred and fifty years. But as if to show that he would not have been baffled by any period whatsoever, he adds, that some have supposed, from the five months being twice mentioned in the paragraph, that it should be doubled, making three hundred prophetic days, or natural years. If so, then he will shift the position of his dividers on the scale: he will set them forward, the first point at the capture of Damascus by the Saracens in A. D. 637, (actually in 634,) and measuring off three hundred years, he reaches the end of their dominion at Bagdad in A. D. 936. Or if neither of these computations should be satisfactory, he has another resort: the Saracens made their excursions only in the five summer months, from April to September. So that, as the bishop justly remarks, 'let these five months be taken in any possible construction, the event will still answer. *Sancta Simplicitas!* what then would it not answer to? Again: the four angels bound in the great river Euphrates, whom he considers the four principal sultanes of the Turks, were prepared to slay the third part of men in 'an hour and a day and a month and a year,' that is, in about three hundred and ninety-one days, or years, as he will have it. We pass over his questionable array of four and only four, principal sultanes: let us see how he verifies the period of the Turkish devastations. — Going back some twenty years before their formal descent on the Christian provinces, he discovers that one of their chieftains took a town from the Greeks in A. D. 1281; and, reckoning from this event so obscure, the space of three

hundred and ninety-one years brings him to A. D. 1672, when their dominion reached its utmost extent; though they have continued to prosecute destructive wars with the Christians even down to our day. Thus we have the three hundred and ninety-one years, exact as usual, by the help of antedating a little at one extremity, and cutting off from the other a century and a half. To the church at Smyrna it is said, 'Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days,' or, ten years, according to the bishop. Fortunately, there is recorded in the early history of the church a persecution of just the length supposed; only he must overleap two centuries of shorter ones in order to reach it. This however is no difficult exploit; and accordingly he passes by the several persecutions of Domitian, of Trajan, of Adrian, of the Antonines, of Severus, of Decius, &c. and applies the prophecy to that of Diocletian, from A. D. 303, to A. D. 313; though after all, it happens to have been a general one, and not such as we should apprehend from the text, which evidently alludes to some affliction peculiar to the Christians of Smyrna. Let the reader now judge how much reliance is to be placed on these forced coincidences of time. If he is still disposed to wonder at the success with which the history of the church has been arranged parallel with the train of Apocalyptic visions, let him consider that in order to effect this result, it was found necessary, after all the expedients, resources and modifications which a century of learned research had furnished, to break the chronological order of the book itself. Thus, according to bishop Newton's scheme, the sixth chapter begins with the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; and following the prophecy onwards to the end of the eleventh chapter, we arrive at the consummation of all things. But the twelfth chapter, without any notice of the change, commences again in the times of the heathen emperors before Constantine the great; nor is it till the middle of the fourteenth chapter that we reach once more the age of the Reformation. Where the scheme will not conform to the text, an agreement may still be obtained by conforming the text to the scheme! We have spoken very freely of the shifts to which the bishop was reduced; it should be observed, before we pass, that in most of them he but followed his renowned predecessors, and that the unconstrained air of sincerity with which he pursues his work, forbids the suspicion of intentional fraud. Let us now trace the further development of his scheme down to the present day.

Of the seven trumpets mentioned in the Apocalypse, the sixth was supposed to have been sounding for the wearisome period of five hundred years, when the French Revolution broke out in 1789. All eyes were instantly turned towards this appalling scene. Divines, no less than politicians, found matter of engrossing interest in its progress. No wonder that many sought for some corresponding token in the Revelation; and it is well known that certain interpreters soon discovered that the sixth trumpet had just ceased, and the seventh begun to sound. So far as our reading extends, the first to broach this idea was the celebrated Elhanan Winchester, in his 'Three Woe Trumpets,' two sermons preached in London, February 1793. 'Though this subject is so very plain,' said he, 'and though I have understood a long time that this prophecy of the great earthquake, the fall of the tenth part of the city, and the slaying of the names of men, [Rev. xi, 13.] referred to what has happened in France, yet it never struck me that the second woe was actually past till about three days ago, hearing the latter part of the eleventh chapter of Revelations read, I was surprised to find immediately after the account of the earthquake,

and what was brought about thereby, this solemn declaration made: *the second woe is past, and behold, the third woe cometh quickly.* And then the seventh angel is immediately introduced as sounding his trumpet; which is the most awful and important of all, and under which the third and great woe shall take place. A new and surprising scene opened to my mind; I saw very plainly that the sixth trumpet was finished, and the seventh beginning to sound; that the second woe was past, and the third coming immediately; and I could not help being surprised that I had not observed it before, as the connexion is so plain.' We may be pardoned another extract from this scarce pamphlet: 'the sixth trumpet has sounded long, from about the year 1281, to the present year, 1793. But I am to show that it is now finished, and that the *second woe is past*. There is an event mentioned in the verse immediately before my text, that points out the conclusion of the second woe in as plain and direct a manner as possible; and such an event having taken place before our eyes, it is easy to see that the prophecy is now fulfilled: See Rev. xi, 13. *And the same hour was there an earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in the earthquake were slain of men (as our translation render the words, but the original words are literally *names of men*) seven thousand; and the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven.* By the great earthquake, we are to understand a great political shaking of some nation, whereby the government shall be overthrown and broken in pieces, as really as any part of the earth was ever broken and destroyed by a natural earthquake; and not only so, but this earthquake is to happen in one of the ten kingdoms constituting the great hierarchy of Rome, which is often in this book styled the great city; and this earthquake is to be so violent, and to continue so long, that the tenth part of the city is to fall: that is, the kingdom where this earthquake is to happen, will not only be broken in pieces itself, but will entirely fall off from Rome, and will no longer support the papal government. And in this earthquake, which will be a sudden and surprising revolution, different from all others, there will be slain of names of men, seven thousand; or the whole number of the titles or names of distinction will be destroyed; and all this will take place in a most sudden and unexpected manner. Now look at the revolution and overturning of the government in France, and see if this prophecy is not exactly fulfilled, and therein a full proof given, that the *second woe is past*, beyond all dispute; and this epoch is therefore interesting in the highest degree. France is, certainly a tenth part of the city or hierarchy of Rome; it is one of the ten horns of the beast, one of the ten kingdoms that gave its power and authority to the beast, which it has done in a most remarkable manner, from the days of Pepin and his son Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, until the late revolution. These kings of France were the very persons who first made the Pope of Rome a temporal prince, by conquering Italy, subjecting the same to the Bishop of Rome, and laying the keys at his feet. And France has all along been a steady and constant supporter of the papal religion, power and dignity; but it is now fallen from that connexion, to rise no more.'* a prediction unhappily falsified by the event, in about twenty years afterwards.

*The Three Woe Trumpets, &c., being the substance of two discourses delivered in London, Feb. 2 and 24, 1793. By Elhanan Winchester. First American edition. Boston, 1794. pp. 32-38.

(Conclusion next week.)

It is always a sign of poverty of mind, when men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it. — *Cecil.*

THE SKY.

There is a morning sky in summer—although it is getting fashionable to quiz early risers, *they* have seen and admired this state of the heavens. The air is still—perfectly, strangely still. All nature is motionless—not in death—but in the calmness of a placid sleep, as you have seen the face of a beloved friend—the features overspread with tranquillity—with peace at the heart and a half-dawning smile on the lips. The earth is steeped in dew. The silver mist has not yet begun to uncurl from the bosom of the river. The birds have not awakened, and no songs issue from the hedges and groves. The fowls are yet at roost. The tenants of the barn-yard have not commenced their daily peregrinations. The very breeze seems asleep, as well as the flowers, from the latter of which the fragrance is not unloosened, but waits ready to be scattered by the first stirrings of the air. This is the hour to watch the morning sky; and a gaze at it lifts the soul of him who truly *feels* nature, and inspires all his thoughts with delight and adoration. Over the hushed world it now spans broadly—a perfect vault of lucid blue, unbroken by any form or image of earth. The clouds are vanished and fallen back to their parent globe. A few, perhaps in the low east, lie stretched in horizontal lines, faintly blending with the pure ether, and rather softening than marring its lovely light. The wanling moon is sometimes at this hour seen pale and retreating, like a dethroned queen, in the west, and sometimes the morning star, if you rise early enough, beams and burns with a silvery fire—the herald of the monarch sun—and fading, like other heralds, into insignificance in the deepening splendor of the great king himself. We commend the vigorous youth at this hour to the saddle. Lady fair, if you have not wasted the time, intended for repose, in unhealthy dissipation, come forth now, and inhale the breath of the earth, on some gentle steed whose pace thou knowest, and who loveth thy caressing hand. Dust, wind, crowds, noise, will not oppose thy pleasure. We have ridden over a moist road fringed on either side with flowers, and strewn with blossom-leaves shed from the fruit trees and scattered by the sportive zephyrs.

This exquisite sky is, however, evanescent. Even while you gaze it changes. It resembles happiness both in its wonderful beauty and in the certainty and suddenness of its interruption. This may scarcely be applicable in the present case, however; for every alteration is from softness to splendor. Beams of rosy light are shot up like arrows, glancing from the tips of the clouds, and reddening the heavens. Their life-giving influence is soon perceptible—every where in the air as well as on the earth. The steed neighs and is proudly answered, and adventure challenged by the valiant cock. The birds proclaim the opening day. The tenantry of the barn yard with their various noises and motions enliven the picture—the cattle rise and graze the wet grass—the lambs and the colts frisk in the meadow—the calf plays by its patient mother, who responds to its gambols with her deep rich voice—sweet and affectionate, and unexceptionable as a *bass*. By the way, the cow's under tones have never been celebrated as they merit.

But no where do these harbinger sunbeams create a greater “sensation” than among those same clouds which but now lay stretched in perfect repose—as if they had been so many layers of veined marble. They move, and melt, and blend together. They are built up into citadels, rocks, palaces, and castles—and all deep drowned in floods of gold, purple, orange, violet, and red, till brighter and brighter—hotter and hotter—they gleam and burn in the glare of the intensest fire. Their revolutions now are indeed superb; magnificent; sublime. Super-

latives are weak; all language is impotent in painting their increasing lustre, as the god of day lifts the rim of his dazzling disk above the horizon, and deluges the ambient sky with gleams of gorgeous, intollerable, ineffable, glory. Happily some intervening mass of vapor bends before his awful face, as Milton describes the Supreme, veiled to be worshipped, even by the eyes of seraphs. The edges of the heavy cloud burn like a line of lightning arrested in its electric flight; then slowly and solemnly, like error from truth; away melts the drapery of the rising god. Majestically and triumphant he mounts the east, flaming with unquenchable fires. * * * * *

The noon-day sky, in summer, forms another picture different from all others, and combining a variety in itself. A June or July day, for instance, without wind. The weather has been warm. The sky is of a deep azure, and transparent; you look and could look forever away into its endless distance. The horizon now presents a hundred forms of splendor; clouds have settled there in dense heaps; masses accumulated on masses; alps on alps; and all of a perfect snowiness, if we may so speak, that fascinates the eye. They seem at the first sight quite still, peering away up into the heavens like mountains, half lost in the distance, and buried in light; but if you watch more narrowly, you may detect a gentle motion, a lapsing along with the airy tide, so soft, so still, dreams have not more facility; and, indeed, as you repose on the green bank, and gaze on them with half shut eyes, you almost fancy it all a dream; all those sky-cliffs, and wide stretching island, those fields, vales, hills, and continents, passing away on the flowing air.

By and by a wind springs up. You have seen the bay in a calm. The sloops idling onward with their drooping sails and flags, the tiny sail-boats lagging for the breeze; the ship just moving with a sluggish current. You have seen the spirit sent through all things by a sudden gale. How the heavy vessel lifts herself in motion, how the sloops forthwith bend on their course, and how the light boats scud and dance over the waters. So the sky with its world of images, awakens from its voluptuous repose. Life and eagerness animate all the vapors. The large masses turn and roll like sea monsters, break apart, melt together, and exhibit the frailty of their airy shapes. Across the cerulean sea, too, numerous tiny clouds go flying, interwreathing themselves with each other in striking and graceful attitudes, and changing their rapid flight with all the wandering currents of heaven. This often occurs very prettily when the wind on earth is scarcely perceptible.

There is another peculiar appearance of the sky. The clouds have all the spirit and confusion of haste and motion, and yet are still as if chiseled out of marble. Here they are rolled into tumultuous disorder; there they expand into curls and ridges like waves, all seem chaotic, abrupt, and full of action, yet all fixed like a picture.

We have one more state of the heavens to speak of; it is the sun set. We never yet beheld one without a certain feeling of seriousness, if not of melancholy. It is a great emblem. It is typical of many scenes and adventures of life. He who has lost a beloved friend, will think of him then. He whose own hopes have been disappointed, will mourn then with sadder regret. The darkening over of all nature after the descent is mournful. But now, every thing was rich, peaceful and bright. Land, sea, and sky, have all been steeped in molten gold, and overspread with magical prismatic colors. The clouds have been painted beyond all earthly painting. The giant god, whom in the morning we beheld setting forth on his journey, so

full of grandeur, confidence and power, is at length dimmed, weary and near his end; our eyes rest on him now with impunity. His strength is shorn. Even while we gaze the shadows of death are stealing around him and over him. See his stupendous orb dips in darkness; lower and lower he sinks, till cold shades usurp the fading west. A thousand recollections of earth come darkly over us. Another day is ended. Many of our fellow creatures have looked their last on the departed globe. Some have watched him from the window of the sick chamber; some from the bars of a prison, some from the sea. There are those who viewed him gilding for the first time, the new grave of a friend. The gayest man of the world watching the sunset, will pause and reflect during the few moments while he is going down. In all the operations and displays of nature, she scarcely ever presents such a temptation for moralizing, as in the melancholy grandeur of golden sunset.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

Philosophy confines its views to this world principally. It endeavors to satisfy man with the grovelling joys of earth till he returns to that earth from which he was taken. Christianity takes a nobler flight. Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till, having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his eternal residence among the spirits of the just. Philosophy can only heave a sigh, a longing sigh after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, in which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing.—Above—beneath—around is an unfathomable void; and doubt, uncertainty, or despair, are the result of all her inquiries. Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark and dreary region lightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances, till reaching the summit of the everlasting hills, an unknown scene in endless varieties of loveliness and beauty presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders without a cloud to dim, or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city—the palace—the throne of God appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it; rivers of salvation issue from beneath it; before it angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints in sweet response breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The breezes of paradise waft the symphony, and the pending sky directs it to the earth. The redeemed of the Lord catch the distant sound, and a sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed friendship—friendship, the loss of which they mourned upon earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens, from whence a voice is heard to say, “fear not; death cannot injure you; the grave cannot confine you; through its chill mansion, grace will conduct you up to glory.”—We wait your arrival; haste therefore, come away!

When the articles of any creed appear to be contained in the scripture, whoever believes that, does in consequence believe those articles, and then such creed is unnecessary. But when we cannot find those articles in scripture, and yet give equal credit to them, we deprecate and profane the divine authority itself, by accepting the words of man's inventions as wiser and more significant than the words of God's own choosing.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND F. PRICE, NEW-YORK,
AND ABEL C. THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

At the Orchard-street Church, and at the New Church in Sixth Avenue, foot of Amity-street commence regularly every Sabbath at half past ten in the morning—half past three in the afternoon, and at half past seven in the evening.

Br. N. Dodge, of New-London, Ct. and T. F. King, of Portsmouth, N. H. will supply the Desks in Orchard-street Church, and the New Church, foot of Amity on Sabbath next, (to-morrow.)

DR. JAMES MACKNIGHT.

It is, we presume, not generally known, that this celebrated divine and commentator was not a believer in the doctrine of endless misery. True he did not fully deny it, but several passages found in his work on the epistles show very conclusively that he had no confident belief in the doctrine. He did not speak of the eternity of hell torments with any assurance, and least of all with such as is common with men of much inferior attainments, but expressed himself with that doubt and hesitancy which we generally observe in a man, whose better feelings and judgment are warring with the prejudices of party and education. Had Dr. Macknight lived three quarters of a century later it is scarcely to be doubted that with his habits of investigation, his candor, his love of truth, he would have discarded many doctrines to which he clung, and adopted others more conformable to the divine character and word.

We will here present the reader with two or three passages upon which the preceding remarks are founded. After having given a description of what he imagined the end of the world, and the awful scenes connected therewith, he adds,

" From the burning of the wicked in the general conflagration, it does not follow, that the thinking principle in them shall be extinguished. Their souls may survive this second death of the body, just as it survived the first, Matt. x, 28. Yet how long it will survive this second death depends wholly on the pleasure of God, who may prolong their existence, or put an end to it just as he sees fit. Only while they exist, being excluded from all enjoyment, or even the hope of enjoyment, they must suffer a melancholy, the bitterness of which it is not possible to describe." See note 2, on 1 Thess. v. 3.

Again on the phrase *everlasting destruction*, he says,

" *Olethros* properly signifies that destruction of the animal life, which we call death, but is nowhere used to denote the extinction of the thinking principle. When the wicked are said to be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, it cannot from that expression be certainly inferred, that they are to be annihilated; but that they are to lose the animal life some of them possessed who were alive on the earth at Christ's coming to judgment, and which the rest regained by the resurrection of their body, in order that they might be judged and punished in the body. Agreeably to this supposition, the punishment of the wicked, cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, is called "the second death," Rev. xx, 14, 15, to intimate that as the soul or thinking principle in men is not destroyed in the first death or destruction of the body, so neither is it to be extinguished by the destruction of the body in the general conflagration; which therefore is fitly called "the second death." And

seeing the wicked shall never be delivered from this second death by any new resurrection, it is properly termed "everlasting destruction. Nevertheless, whether an end is to be put to them, and at what period, or in what manner it is to be ended, is not revealed, and rests with God alone to determine." See note 1, on 2 Thess. 1, 9.

From these extracts, it will be seen that Dr. Macknight had little faith in the doctrine, now so popular, of endless misery. The annihilation of the wicked seems rather to have recommended itself to his mind, and yet he acknowledges that their end has not been revealed. The soul revolts from the idea of annihilation, but dreadful as it is, every man must concede it to be infinitely preferable to endless misery. But compared with either of these horrible doctrines, these inventions of men, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," is like the noonday sun compared with a globe of indissoluble ice filled with "the blackness of darkness." Again, it should be observed that the phrase *everlasting destruction* does not express, in Dr. Macknight's opinion, the idea of endless suffering. It is well known how much reliance is commonly placed upon this and one other similar expression, *everlasting punishment*, by the advocates of interminable torments. But here we see a learned man, a distinguished commentator, and one who is regarded as generally *orthodox*, (to use that abused term in its ordinary acceptation,) utterly rejecting this popular proof. He felt that it is insufficient to base such a doctrine as endless misery upon. Would it not be well for the advocates of that doctrine to re-examine their proofs.

S.

UNIVERSALIST CONFERENCE,

In Potter's Meeting House, Good Luck, N. J.

Agreeably to previous notice, a number of ministers and lay brethren in the faith of the Gospel, assembled in Potter's Meeting House, N. J. on Wednesday, May 15, 1833, and organized a council by appointing

RICHARD NORTON, Moderator,

A. C. Thomas, Clerk.

1. United in prayer with Br. A. C. Thomas.

2. A brief account was given to the people, designed to explain the object of our visit to this section of country.

3. Resolved, That Br. Thomas be requested to furnish for publication a copy of the Address delivered, and the Hymn sung at the erection of the tomb stone to the memory of Thomas Potter.

4. The council made an agreement with B. Stout for the erection of a suitable paling around the grave of Thomas Potter.

5. Resolved, That when the council adjourn, it adjourn to meet at this place in 1834, at such time as shall be designated by the clerk.

6. Resolved, That Br. Andrews be requested to prepare the minutes of this conference for publication, and accompany the same with a Circular Letter. Adjourned.

RICHARD NORTON, Moderator.

A. C. THOMAS, Clerk.

Order of Public Services.

Wednesday Morning. Prayer by Br. Andrews,
" " " " 1st Sermon, Br. Moore, Ti-
" " " " tus ii, 11, 12.
" " " " 2d do. Br. Hillyer, Rom.
" " " " xiii, 10.
Afternoon, Prayer, Br. Hillyer.
" " " " 1st Sermon, Br. Andrews,
" " " " 1 Peter, iii, 15.
" " " " 2d. do. Br. Sawyer,
" " " " Col. iii, 25.

Erection of the Tomb Stone.

Address by Br. Thomas.

Prayer, by Br. Sawyer,

Hymn, by A. C. Thomas.

To Thee, O God, we humbly bow—

The halo of thy truth unveil;
And give us all to feel that Thou
In Gospel grace wilt here prevail.

O may our hearts in union feel

The quick'ning of the mystic dove;
Be nerve'd our souls with holy zeal
To spread abroad Immanuel's love:And tho' in silence rest the bones
Of Potter, 'neath this verdant sod,
O may we hear the spirit tones
Of Murray's friend, the friend of God!Like him, may we fore'er confide
In Thee and in Thy boundless grace,
Believing Thou wilt e'er provide
All needed good for all our race.Around, before Thy truth, we see
Rebellion, sin and error fall;
And joy that Thou at last wilt be
Acknowledged and adored by all.

Ministers Present.—A. C. Thomas, L. F. W. Andrews, Philadelphia; T. J. Sawyer, S. J. Hillyer, New-York; and Asher Moore, Reading, Pa.

Laymen Present.—Richard Norton, S. C. Johnes, Hightstown, N. J.; Lewis Seymour, Thaddeus Seymour, New-York; Aaron Dean, North Stamford, Ct.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

" To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Savior Jesus Christ."

" Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord."

Dearly Beloved Brethren—We have been on a mission of love and gratitude. A little band of those who have felt that they had been "blessed with faithful Abraham" have assembled in the ancient house of our Fathers, and there "took sweet counsel together" concerning the good things of God. We have convened around the grave of the venerated Potter and dropped a tear of grateful remembrance on the spot where his ashes have reposed for near half a century. We have united in prayer and praise in the temple where in this land was first proclaimed by the sainted Murray, the everlasting Gospel of the blessed God, the "savior of all men." And we have there lifted up our voices and endeavored to show forth the boundless love and unchangeable truth of God, and the "unsearchable riches of his Grace," in his holy purpose, as revealed in the covenant of promise, to bless all the nations, kindreds and families of the earth.

This to us has indeed been a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We have found our feelings chastened and our hearts made better by our communion in faith, with the spirits of the venerated Dead, who "walked to that house of God in company," more than sixty years ago. We have felt it in our hearts to "praise and magnify the great and holy name" of our God, that we were permitted to convene in Council within the very sacred walls, where "Armed with the sword of Jesse's youthful son Engaged with ardor in the freedom won By Christ, the anointed Lord of earth and heaven, Did Murray boldly tell the boon that's given."

And we would do injustice to our feelings were we to omit declaring unto you what we have here seen and heard, and inviting our brethren from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South to unite with us in an annual pilgrimage to this sacred spot—this "Holy Land"—in order that we may all receive a little of the God-like spirit of Benevolence which warmed the soul of that man of God and friend of man—Thomas Potter.

Through the liberality of one worthy brother,* we have been enabled to mark the spot where repose the remains of this "Father in Israel," by a plain marble monument-bearing the following inscription:

In Memory of
THOMAS POTTER,
THE
Friend and Patron
OF
JOHN MURRAY,
An Early Advocate of Uni-
versalism in America.
"Have we not all one Father?"
Erected May 15, 1833.

By a resolution of the Council we have also made an arrangement with the present owner of the Patriarch's old mansion, to have the tomb protected by a suitable enclosure. This trust we doubt not will be faithfully and speedily executed—and then we fondly hope no sacrilegious hand will dare deface or remove the simple memorial of our love, and duty, and gratitude. We have confidence that it will long remain untouched by any unhallowed hand, though a train of adverse circumstances has given a questionable right in the property of the church to those who "preach another gospel." And though the "precious seed" sown there by the revered Murray may have fallen on a moral soil as barren and unproductive as the native sand plains of that wilderness region,—yet, let us "be strong in faith, giving glory to God," that in due time even that "desert shall rejoice" in the knowledge of God, and that "wilderness bud and blossom as the rose," by reason of the enriching influences of the gospel of salvation. Blessed be God, we think we saw some evidence that the truth spoken was "received into good and honest hearts" by several of the congregation who attended on our ministrations. The solemn attention, the suppressed sigh, and the falling tear gave earnest that the prejudices of sect and the trammels of "creeds and commandments," of man's device, were somewhat shaken by the power of God's truth. At least we have unfailing confidence that in due time "all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God," that our blessed Lord and Savior shall "see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied," and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Confidence such as this may well induce us to "thank God and take courage." Brethren, let us not stagger at the promises of God through unbelief; but while we pay our thanksgivings for the past, continue to trust him for the future,—ever rejoicing in hope of his glory, in the ultimate holiness and happiness of all his rational creation.

Per order

L. F. W. ANDREWS.

May 1833.

—A. C. T.

We need not describe the joys which throb within the bosom of a weary traveller on some dreary desert, when, at long and irregular intervals, his anxious, wandering eye catches signs of vegetation—clearly discerns some of earth's green and verdant spots, on which the mind ever, even in seasons of the highest enjoyment, delights to dwell. Imagination will readily present them to the mind of the reader.

With feelings not wholly dissimilar to these, are we sometimes blessed in the progress of our labors, as the advocates of a despised and rejected religion. The bitter enmity of feeling, and persecuting spirit, exhibited by dominant sects towards our own, presents a species of moral waste—a barren and dreary

desert; at least it is unproductive of those kind and generous feelings which alone are the joy and pleasure of life. We speak in general terms. We acknowledge, with gratitude, there are exceptions. We are sometimes blessed with the contemplation of traits exhibited in their language and conduct, which to us are like the "green spots" to the traveller in the desert. And our only regret is that they are not more frequent.

Take the following, (which we copy from a Limerick paper in this city) as an example. How seldom do we meet with sentiments so congenial to the benevolent heart—so reasonable and rational in their very nature, in the columns of their papers. On the contrary, how often do they breathe forth naught but "vengeance and destruction." Wherever you turn, your eye meets with nothing but the most frightful exhortations—"flee, flee, from the withering frowns, of a sin-avenging God," while the imagination almost portrays waves of livid sulphur rushing upon your devoted heads. And this is the popular method of winning souls to the peaceful kingdom of our Savior. When will the professed religious world learn that *love and kindness* are the most powerful, and indeed the only, incentives to virtue—when to lead mankind to love and obey God, men must be taught and assured in their hearts that he is *lovely and worthy* of their adoration—and that they need only be convinced that "virtue is its own reward" to shun the way of vice and walk in wisdom's path.

The writer of the following is just in his position. No thought can be "so consoling to the heart of feeble man, as that his Maker cares for him" and *will* care for him. "One hour thus spent," is truly worth an eternity of bondage to sin, and "memory will go back to it with undefinable" interest. So true is the declaration of scripture, "Love begets love." And yet our Unitarian friends will in the next breath tell us of the *hardships* of a life of virtue—that the man of God must submit to his crosses *here*, but shall be rewarded with an imperishable crown of glory *hereafter*; and that the ways of vice are productive of exquisite pleasures in time, but oh! the dreadful retributions in eternity; (provided the sinner does not make his peace with God; even if it be only a few moments before he breathes his last.) Strange that the same tongue should pronounce both "blessing and cursing." For ourselves we could ask no greater reward for obedience to our Maker, than that which pervades the good man's heart. And we can know of few crosses, or hardships, in a virtuous course, to him who is endowed with the spirit of our common Master.

P.

A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.

What can be so consoling to the heart of feeble man as the thought that his Maker cares for him and will save him from the cruel tyranny of his sins! Hours of despondency and gloom often cast their shadows over the Christian's mind; but when the sweet impression revisits his soul that his dear Redeemer cares for him, it is sunshine with his heart again. What pen can reveal the preciousness of the thoughts of Almighty love that steal into the soul with all their balmey fragrance! In the silent hours of night when creation slumbers around; one Christian on his bed, whose soul is throbbing under the inexpressible pulsations of heavenly love, feels more happiness than all created worlds can bestow. He lies on a bed of spicery. Images of beauty and glory cluster thickly into his entranced soul. His thoughts respond to the promptings of the celestial ones, who, for aught we know, may be waving their dewy wings around his pillow.

Oh, one hour spent thus is "worth a whole eternity of bondage" to the pleasures of sense! Memory will go back with undefinable sweet-

ness to such an hour, and the soul will yearn for it again with immortal desire. To believe that the pure, unchangeable and omnipotent heart of our Almighty Savior thinks kindly of us—and that the promptings of his spirit applies to us, notwithstanding our sins and wretchedness, some precious promise of his word,—this, this is worth living for. For this may we gladly suffer and toil on through the trials of poverty and mental anxiety and struggle. Be blessedness like this ours. Be this precious thought our inheritance here—an earnest of that perpetual sunshine of the soul which cheers the inhabitants of the upper world.

LIFE OF MURRAY.

We have received from Messrs. Marsh, Capen and Lyon, Boston, an advertisement for a new edition of the *Life of Murray*, from their press, to contain more improvements than any other now published, and to "be sold at a LESS PRICE." As the advertisement appears to be based upon private difficulties, or rather upon difficulties of a business character, and more especially as ours is not an *advertising sheet*, we decline its publication.

As, however, we have already noticed editorially the edition just published by the editor of the "Trumpet," not suspecting any difficulty in the case, it is due Messrs. M. C. & L. to advise the public briefly of theirs, and their motives for presenting it.

They state that a few months since they "stereotyped the work and made it the first vol. of the *Universalist Library*"—that they are compelled to the present course in self protection, "as another edition of the same work, without any good reason, has been thrown into the market by Thomas Whittemore"—that "had the work really needed any improvement it would have afforded some evidence of a Christian spirit to have suggested it to the publishers, but this was not done"—They claim that no firm has done half so much to raise Universalists Publications to a respectable footing, as their own, and it now only remains to be seen whether they shall be sustained in their exertions, &c. &c. These are some of their reasons, for pledging to the public a new edition at a less price than any other.

Mr. Whittemore in reply, claims that they have "no exclusive right in the work"—that it is the property of the denomination, and open for publication by any one—that he is determined to do all in his power to reduce the price of *Universalist Books*, &c. &c.

We of course have no concern with the private, or business affairs of either; and we desire no participation in the difficulties growing out of those affairs, yet we may be allowed to express our opinion, decidedly, that there are many *Universalist books* that need a reduction in price, as much, at least, as the *Life of Murray*. Among them we should name *Ancient and Modern History of Universalism*, *Whittemore's Notes on the Parables*, *Balfour's 1st and 2d Inquiry*, *Ballou's Select and Lecture Sermons*, *Winchester's Dialogues*, &c. &c. We believe that such is the present state of the denomination, that it would not only better subserve the interest of that denomination, but of the pockets of the publishers themselves, to reduce the present prices of those Books. And it was with these views and feelings that our paper alluded to this subject, (for the first in the order we believe,) sometime since. P.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

We commence in this number, the first of two articles contained in the last *Expositor*, from the pen of the Editor, Br. H. Balleu, 2d, on the *Book of Revelation*. We are not able to give the whole of the two articles in the present paper, but shall conclude them in our next. No apology, we trust,

will be needed for the room they occupy. The subject is one of great importance, and probably is as little understood as almost any other. Every attempt, therefore, to throw light upon it, whether successful or not, will be hailed with deep interest. P.

DESIGN OF PUNISHMENT.

We find the following in the last Stamford (Con-) Sentinel, which, by the initials, it will be seen is from a Brother who frequently communicates to our columns. The hints are valuable, and are worthy of the serious consideration, even of many of the wise and learned of our land. P.

Mr. Editor—Suffer me through the medium of your paper to make a few remarks on that part of our Governor's Message which relates to the penitentiary system—after expressing his approbation of the system, he says, 'those great objects of punishment the reformation of the offender, and his restoration to an orderly and useful life, have been greatly promoted,' &c. This is a good doctrine. We are happy to see this sentiment emanating from so respectable a source. If the object of punishment inflicted by man, be the reformation and restoration of the offender, may not this be the object of our Father in Heaven when he inflicts punishment upon his offending children, and may not the final reformation and restoration of man, or, in the language of scripture, the 'restoration of all things spoken of by all God's holy prophets since the world began,' be a truth? We hope it may. Is there a man who 'loves his enemies' or, who 'loves his neighbor as himself,' who can hope the contrary? Why then denounce all those who believe it?

S. R. S.

Stamford, May 1833.

BANK NOTE TRACTS.

The editor of the New York Free Press says that a Bank Note was handed him a few days since, and "which of course he did not refuse," having the following Tract printed on its back—rather an unbecome appendage to the Bill, we should think, for many Limitarians.

A. B. C.—A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN ARMINIUS, THE BIBLE AND CALVIN.

Arminius.—I seek to know the truth.

Bible.—Seek, and ye shall find.

Calvin.—But, brother, although you profess to seek truth, you persist in the heretical opinion that salvation is of works and not of grace.

Ar.—I confess my blindness and unbelief; but I cannot impute the endless damnation of souls to a God of infinite mercy.

Cal.—God is infinitely merciful to the elect; his mercy is infinitely efficacious as far as it goes; but it does not, and never will, extend to the damned.

Bible.—The Lord is good unto ALL, and His tender mercies are over ALL his works.—psalm.

Ar.—Hear that, brother Calvin, what will you now say against the inference which Universalist heretics will deduce from your premises? You say the mercy of God is infinitely efficacious as far as it goes, and the Bible says it is over ALL! Beware, brother, beware of heresy!

Cal.—You misunderstand me. I meant to say the grace of God and the atoning merits of Christ are efficacious in the salvation of all, to whom that grace and those merits extend.

Ar.—You have not mended the matter, brother Calvin; I hate Universalism as much as you do, and therefore I must protest against that theory, in the creed of your church, which goes directly to establish that odious heresy.—Hear the Bible again.

Bible.—Where sin hath abounded, grace did also much more abound; that, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign thro' righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. 'For, as in Adam ALL die, even so

in Christ shall ALL be made alive.' 'For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our savior, who will have ALL men to be saved.' 'Jesus gave himself a ransom for ALL,' and tasted death for EVERY man.'

Cal.—Brother, you have quoted nothing but Universalist parts of the bible. If my hatred of that dangerous heresy would permit me to read passages so destructive of religion and morality, I could expose the falsity of your system in a moment. You agree with the Universalist in praying for the salvation of all men, merely because St. Paul, who was a Universalist himself, exhorted that such prayers should be made. You repeat the heretical assertion that God is willing to save all mankind, and you ought to know, that the admission of such a tenet would destroy our whole scheme of religion, and establish Universalism on its ruins. I tell you, brother Arminius, it will not do to tell the people God wills their salvation. They are not so blind as not to perceive that, if He wills it, his almighty Power will not fail to perform it. The will of Omnipotence cannot be resisted—the bible says "His counsel shall stand, be will do all his pleasure." But I will quote no more scripture, for I am afraid these heterodox quotations will make heretics of us both.

[Exeunt.

THE SKY.

An interesting miscellaneous article, under the above title, will be found on the fourth page, which it will be seen we copy from that excellent periodical of its class, the New-York Mirror. The length of the article, we are confident, will be no objection to it. It is impossible to indulge in that species of reflection, without manifest improvement in our feeling. And it would be well could the world at large be still farther induced to "look through nature up to nature's God." We should then hear much less of the "wrathful," vindictive character of our Father in Heaven, and mankind universally would be constrained to "praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men." P.

Original.

IMAGINATION.

* * * One beautiful summer evening, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, and the whip-poor-will had begun his evening song, I was sitting in my chamber, with a book, containing an account of the vast treasures that lie buried in the sea, in my hand. As it gradually became dark, and my mind being fixed on what I had been reading, I imagined myself on the sea shore looking at the waters. While thus standing, there suddenly appeared a small boat, managed by a beautiful sea nymph. Her light dress floated in the wind, and her dark tresses hung in ringlets on her snowy neck. She pushed her light skiff to the shore, and kindly invited me to enter, and explore the dark region below. I could not resist the temptation, and entering the boat, I was carried with rapidity through the immense chambers of the deep, and landed by my fairy guide at the bottom of the sea. I looked around for the maiden, but she had gone. She had left me to gratify my curiosity at my leisure. I looked around me again and saw a human skeleton lying on the sand. Terror took possession of my heart. I turned from the fearful scene, in hope to find something more grateful to my view, and indeed my desire was gratified. I saw the most beautiful pearls lying about me. I collected several of the finest and passed on. I next directed my steps to a large cave, abounding with all kinds of corals, jewels, and diamonds. Heaps of gold lay piled upon the rough rock that held them. My eyes were fixed in astonishment on the scene before me. I had already filled my handkerchief with the most valuable of each, and was

proceeding to return to make known my important discoveries to the world. As I was taking my last look at the treasures which I had been examining, I was suddenly surprised by a loud noise. I started up, the ocean, the cave, the riches, all had vanished. I was sitting in my own room. The sudden closing of a window shutter had aroused me from my fancied pleasures, and I could not, for the moment, but sigh forth my regret, that many, too many of the beautiful visions of earth thus recede from our view, at the very instant perhaps of our fancied consumption of enjoyment, leaving us the victims of bitter disappointment. * * * JANE.

Original.

During an interview with a respectable member of the Presbyterian church, and who is also an honest, industrious old farmer—our conversation turned upon the subject of Watts' Psalms and Hymns. I repeated to him the 3d verse of the 62d hymn, 2d book, c. m.—which commences

"His nostrils breathe out fiery streams."

Well friend, said I, what do you think of the character here given of God? "Tut, tut," said the old man, "Watts was then describing the character of the Devil." J. B. W.

RELIGION.

True religion is of a modest and retiring nature. It seeks not the honor or applause of the world. It is injured by its friendship and not benefitted by its wealth. It courts not its favors, nor dreads its hatred or opposition. They only purify, and show its inherent value, by bringing it forth to the light. And when once seen, free from the corruptions and errors the world has vainly tried to mingle with it, its principles cannot fail to be admired and sought after.

Religion, though misrepresented and misunderstood by many of its professed friends, is simple in its principles, moderate in its requirements, and bountiful in its gifts. It comes to us—not in the rolling thunders of a terrified imagination; not in the impetuous torrent of passion, or in the noisy tempest of excited fears but in the soft language of entreaty, and the persuasive eloquence of affectionate friendship. It invites and urges us to seek our own true happiness, as inseparably connected with our duty to our Creator and fellow men. It requires, at our hands, no costly sacrifice to expiate our crimes, or placate the infinite wrath of injured justice. It simply enjoins it upon us, as a means of our greatest good, to 'Cease to do evil—learn to do well.' And, when all human efforts have failed of success, in the pursuit of perfect and untiring bliss, when the short space of our unsatisfied existence is drawing to a close, and dark and (oh the thought) unthinking nonentity passes in seeming certainty before us, then TRUE RELIGION, comes as a trusty friend, in all its native loveliness, and wise simplicity, and promises the gift of eternal life. —Impartialist.

The New-York State Convention of Universalists meets at Utica the last Wednesday in this month,

PEWS IN THE ORCHARD-ST. CHURCH.

Persons desirous of procuring seats in the Orchard-st. church, can make application to the Sexton at the church on Sundays, or at the office of the Christian Messenger, No. 2 Marble-Building, Chat ham-Square, at any time through the week, as a plan of the church is always kept there, for inspection.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Br. S. J. Hillier will preach in Cairo, Sunday the 26th.

Br. Thomas F. King, from Portsmouth, N. H. will preach in North-Salem on the second Sabbath in June next, (9th.)

THE INFANT IN DEATH.

I have heard the last sound of the infant's breath,
And its mother bitterly weeping;
I have seen it calmly resting in death;
As it seemed to be quietly sleeping!

I was there when the life-stream had stopped forever;

And it was silently lying and cold;
And I felt, when I knew it would breathe again never,

That its cares were o'er, its time was told!

I saw with pain, that the mother who bore it
Watched o'er her loved one slumbering there;
She knew that no power again could restore it—
And heeded no longer our pity or care.

But she felt that one solace, e'en yet could be given,
To lighten regret and deep sorrow;
She knew that for her, and her lov'd one in heaven
Re-union might be on the morrow!

Weep not then my sister, thy lost one deplored!
Though that form in the cold tomb may rest;
The hour soon shall come, its spirit restoring
To thine in the realms of the blest.

Universalist.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

When with unclouded ray
Shines the bright sun,
When murmuring streamlets play,
And all around is gay—
Then shall the spirit say
"Thy will be done?"

No.—When the flowers of love
Fade one by one,
When in its blasted grove
The shuddering heart doth rove—
Then say—and look above—
"Thy will be done."

N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

NATURE.

See yonder child, beginning life, with streams of enjoyment coming in at every sense. He is so formed that every thing he has to do is a source of delight. He has an eye: God has contrived it most ingeniously to be the means by which pleasure comes in every moment to him. He has an ear, so intricately formed that no anatomist or physiologist has yet been able to understand its mysteries; God has so planned it, that he drinks in with delight the sounds which float around him. How many times, and how many ways does he find enjoyment by its instrumentality. The tones of conversation—the evening songs of his mother, the hum of the insect, the noise of the storm, the rumbling of distant thunder, for how many different but delightful emotions, has the Creator provided. So with all the other senses; and after you have examined, in this way, the whole structure and mind of this being, follow him out to a summer's walk, and see how a benevolent Creator pours upon him, from all the scenery of nature around, an almost overwhelming tide of delight. God smiles upon him in the aspect of the blue heavens, in the verdure of the fields—in the balmy breath of air upon his cheek—and in the very powers and faculties themselves, which he has so formed, that every motion is delight, and every pulsation is a thrill of pleasure. Such a revelation does nature make to us of the character of God, and of his feelings toward his creatures.

Northern Star.

HOME.

There is more of spell work about the home of our fathers, than he who has never been a wanderer imagines, ask the poor exile on a foreign shore, what visions fit across his bosom, and enchain his fancy, and call the deep drawn sigh, as he gazes, silently and lonely, on the sweet midnight moon, and he will tell you, in the fulness of his heart, they are visions of his

early home. Though his path be across the ocean, though he wander among the icebergs of Lapland, or sit down in the far off islands of the sea, he feels that he can never out travel the memory of his village, or forget the delights of his paternal cottage. Though ambition leads him into foreign lands, or fortune tempt him into the world of business, he will often pause even when success has gratified his wishes, and linger whole hours over the memory of days gone by, as they steal in the language of the Bard of Morven, like music to the soul. He will delight in every bush, and flowering landscape, and singing bird that resembled those he saw and loved in youth; and if, in the farthest corner of the globe, he hears the gentle breathings of a strain, with which on his native hills, he has been familiar, what a world of sweet yet half melancholy joy does it kindle in his bosom. Yes, home is still dear to our hearts, and like the comet exiled from the sun, we would still go but to return—and seldom grow so old, and never wander so far as to be beyond the reach of its attractions.

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favorite residence of the pashas of Egypt. The palace on the banks of the Nile is not remarkable for its size or splendor, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and, entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barks, fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade the balustrades give way to a flight of steps, which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured, and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a color vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the kiosk is formed. It is a favorite diversion of the pasha himself to row some favorite Circassians in one of the barks, and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico and an exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians, shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery—the Nubians rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labors of the divan.

All the splendor of the Arabian Nights is realized in the court of Egypt. The guard of Nubians, with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous harem, the crowds of civil functionaries, and military and naval officers, in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendor and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad, and its romantic caliph.

Yet this court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicate summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated in small Persian carpets, smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandese lounging their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water; from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

PROSPECTUS

For the 2d vol. of the *Messenger*, to be published simultaneously at New-York and Philadelphia, under the title of
NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER
AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

The recent change in supplying our Philadelphia Patrons with the *Messenger* induces us thus early to present the public with Proposals for publishing the 3d vol. as noticed above. No essential change will be made in the course of the paper, unless it may be to avail ourselves of every possible opportunity of increasing the talent and interest in its columns. It will, therefore, in the language it has ever held forth to the world, continue to "plead the cause of a slandered and persecuted denomination of Christians—the UNIVERSALISTS;" endeavor to inspire confidence among its friends, and to induce as far as possible the thoughtless and unconcerned, and even opposers, to come forward into the field of examination and "reason together" on the great and glorious doctrines of a world's reconciliation to God.

Its motto may be, perhaps, the surest index of its character. It breathes neither wrath nor fury to the children of men, but on the contrary, it points to a peaceful messenger on the mountain top, proclaiming "good tidings," and "publishing peace." "How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

With unfeigned gratitude to the Universalist public for the many tokens of approbation bestowed upon our paper for the 18 months it has now been in existence, we submit these Proposals for the third volume, referring simply to the past, as a pledge for the future.

CONDITIONS.

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